

SOME PEOPLE I KNOW, a city poem 4 Bruges

Sunday 15 March. Up at 3.15. Namō Amida Butsu.

Lying on my back in bed, entertaining insane desires for *you*.
Please Amida, silence those gibbering monkeys on my left shoulder.
Spiritual growth and character development – some positive points.
There's nothing to beat a day which begins and ends with a good night's sleep.

Our ideas did not work. But the God idea did. Daily reflection.
I don't seem to have kissed Christine near the mouth for I don't know how long.
(We sit together: she the angel on my right, me the naughty devil).
The other Christine, who once went to Al-Anon, across the table.

Spanish Ana will be mad at me tomorrow for writing again.
Thank you, Anabel, for the piece of birthday cake I shared with my wife.
Thank you, shakuhachi Mick, for the walnuts she cracks in the kitchen
when not sweeping the garden paths, as a meditation exercise.

I take a picture of Rita's orchids, Sponsor Bear in the background.
I have one of Nina's hand, about to tuck in to her lasagne.
One of the Hoste ladies took a good one of me in the garden.
ARNY Schmit, the Luxemburg artist, will be back in town on Friday.

Namō Amida Butsu – Hot Club de Bruges hammer a Reinhardt swing.
I sit back in my armchair and listen, wondering about Facebook.
Will Professor Luc of Lappersfort find time to show me how it works?
Will Cara the Carer, Poet, explain to me how her *doorbell* works?

The Reverend Frank of Mönchengladbach writes an encouraging mail
and Thomas, Bad Reichenhall Buddha, is absolutely behind me.
Mahummad Ali Rida gives me a hug. Zina sticks her tongue out.
Framer Dirk waves from the back of his shop. Namō Amida Butsu.

Three of my old flame Valerie's Nature paintings shine in the window.
Johan tears off his KEEP IT SIMPLE badge and thrusts it into my hand.
(I'll be seeing Paul and the Sunday morning gang four hours from now).
It's dead on five. Have I written too much? Namō Amida Butsu.

Is there a postal service in South Africa? A book to Verna.
My God! This crap will have to be typed, and distributed to my fans.
The third, enlarged edition of *Poetry in Progress* is ready.
... *Een gedicht vertalen voor Luc, of ontbijt maken voor Maria?*

Marcus Cumberlege, vrije stadsdichter **Brugge / BRUGES FREE CITY POET** www.marcuscumberlege.com
powered by www.poeziebos.be www.brugseboekhandel.be www.dereyghere.be Poet Laureate of Bruges

(de mensen horen haar in dezelfde tuin) HOMINES EAM AUDIUNT IN EODEM HORTO

Van zonsopgang tot zonsondergang www.natuurenbos.be/lappersfortbos Drie wandelingen in het
Lappersfortbos met Marcus. **zaterdag 29 augustus 2015** (L-bos nacht van de Lappersfortvleermuis 20u30)
* **zondag 18 oktober 2015** (L-bos 14u30) * **zondag 31 januari 2016** (L -bos 14u30) (verzamelen ANB-
bord kanaalhoek Ten Briele). **10 mei 14u30** bij het Smisjedennebos, 14u30 chartreusewandeling.